

THE BASKET.

Year IV.—No. 10.

HADDONFIELD, N. J., FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 1891.

Whole No. 88

AT LAST.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsunned spaces blow,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Suffice it if my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansion,
The river of Thy peace.

There from the music round about my stealing
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last beneath Thy tree of healing,
The life for which I long. JOHN G. WHITIER.

Out of the bosom of true Religion flows the refreshing stream of comfort. Though the heavens be never so black, the star of hope shines with unfading lustre for the religious soul. Religion, in the garb of love, lays its hand upon the shoulder bent with suffering, and points upward to that celestial realm, where sorrow enters not, and tears of anguish never fall. The clouds give way, and amid a glorious brightness there resounds a tender voice, exclaiming, in accents of pity and love. "Fear not, for I am with thee." No! all the science of the world cannot destroy religion: for as long as man remains as he is to-day, the heart will yearn for religion's sweet solace, and the soul cry aloud for a God, within whose loving arm man may be at rest as the child in its mother's bosom.—American Hebrew.

A Grand Pigeon House.

The Pigeon House of Dr. Bird is a very interesting place, which we recently had the privilege of visiting and inspecting, combining the practical requirements for Squab-raising, with mechanical conveniences enough to make it a curiosity shop. There are twenty separate houses under one roof,—the birds being divided into flocks of 20 and 30. Each flock has a separate house, with individual nests and perches, and a mammoth cage for exercise, 6 by 37, and 12 feet high.

The 500 nests open by small doors into the central hall, and are accessible from a car that runs up and down to carry freight or for use as a step-ladder.

The mechanical arrangements centre in the shop, or workroom. Standing in the same place, one can shut off the water from the water works, let it out of the 20 port-holes, and switch in the 50 electric alarms, besides attending to several minor details. From the hall, the twenty outside rooms are operated by strings—the general policy being not to go among the birds more than is unavoidable. The enterprize ought to be successful.

Dancing.—The Temperance Gazette informs that: "Rev. Geo. H. Neal, of Dudley, recently preached a sermon against dancing, holding it up to view in all its deformity, degradation and shame. In some cases even the solemn vows taken at the altars of the church have been disregarded. [May not a lice evil exist elsewhere?]

Some of the boys of our town are getting very unrepentable reputations for their rudeness, rowdyism and mischief. Are they of respectable parents? or mere hoodlums? In passing along the sidewalk recently, we met several of them, when one big fellow reached out and struck us on the arm. And then they set a coarse horse laugh. Rude, unmannerly, ungentlemanly. Failure in home education?

There are nice, well-behaved boys, and it's a pleasure to meet them. At another time a party were driving along the street in a wagon, yelling at the top of their voices, (we pitied the horse,) when one of them in passing sung out, "Put in 'The Basket.'" So here it is.

Coming out of church on Sunday evening, we were greeted by a great puff of filthy tobacco smoke from a big boy standing outside,

Forgetfulness Cured.—A German merchant in London has a servant girl who is excellent in many respects, but very forgetful. This fault was specially annoying at meal times, when something essential was sure to be lacking from the table. One day the family was seated at the table and the bell was rung as usual. The girl hurried to the dining room.

"Maria," said Mr. B., "just run and fetch the big step ladder down from the attic and bring it here."

Maria, who had been disturbed at her dinner, gave a grunt of dissatisfaction, but ran up the three flights of stairs to fetch down the heavy ladder. In about five minutes she returned to the room, panting with her exertion. "So now," said Mr. B., "put it up at that end of the room, and climb to the top."

Maria did as she was told, and when she was at the top, Mr. B. quietly observed: "Maria, you have now got a better view than we have; just look round and tell us if you can see any salt on the table. My wife and I could not find it." That did the business. Maria never forgot the lesson.—Chicago Herald.

FUNNY.—According to a newspaper article, a Rev. Mr. Milligan, of Pennsylvania, created a sensation from the Covenanter pulpit at Coldenham, where he recently preached as an applicant for the vacant pastorate ("a trial sermon?") by saying:

"I regret to state that I am an exceedingly nervous man, and am annoyed by a young lady in the congregation who has been endeavoring to flirt with me this morning. I have neither the time nor inclination to return the compliment at this time, but may do so later on." He looked straight at the pretty and blushing belle of the town as he spoke. She may not like him the better for it. But the church seems disposed to give him a "call."

An editor's wife, during an evening walk, asked her husband to notice the moon. He replied that he could not do it under the usual rate of fifty cents per line.

It is stated that certain Indians have severed their tribal relations and gone to work like white men, but that the great hindrance to their progress now is the frequent dances, which tend to demoralize them.

CHICAGO.—We have an old Brooks' Gazetteer, published by Jacob Johnson & Co., 147 Market street, Philadelphia, and printed by John Bioren, dated 1806, in which the name of Chicago is not even mentioned, but which has a population now second only to New York—being 1,093,576, and soon to have a world-wide fame by reason of the World's Great Fair to be held there.

On a fly leaf is written Richard Carroll's Book, April 17, 1821.

Ink, of a superior quality, made and sold at this office, at 5 and 10 cts. for small bottles; pints 30, and quarts 50 cts. Larger quantities as agreed upon. Does not corrode the pen, or get thick or sticky. Free from sediment; suitable for all pens, including Fountain. Also, a very fine and brilliant **RED INK.**

Soap.—If any of the readers of "THE BASKET," want a supply of about the nicest **Shaving and Toilet Soap** that ever was made, we commend them to that called **Yankee Shaving Soap**, made by the J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct. It makes a rich, copious lather, and with it, instead of it's being a sore trial to shave, it is a pleasure. It is also an elegant Toilet Soap. We have a supply on hand, at 10 cts. a cake, or 50 cts. a ½ dozen. Try it.

Historical Sketch of Haddonfield, by Judge John Clement, for sale at the office of the **Basket**; very interesting. Price 10 cts.

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HADDONFIELD, N. J., MARCH 13, 1891.

Borough Commissioners meet in the Town Hall on the 2nd Wednesday evening in each month. They are J. Morris Roberts, Chas. H. Hillman, Sam'l C. A. Clement, Sam'l C. Paris, W. J. Boning, Com. of Appeal—John H. Lippincott, Geo. D. Stuart, Abel Hillman, Wm. J. Boning, Pres.; Chas. H. Hillman, Treas. Public invited to come.

The Board of Managers of the Free Reading Room Association meets every 3d Monday in each month. J. L. PENNYPACKER, Sec.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union of this town meets every Tuesday afternoon in the Parlor in the Town Hall, at 3 o'clock.

THE ELECTION.—As the "Basket" is made ready and printed on Wednesday, we are unable to give a full report in this No. But we are glad to say that the Local Option vote was once more triumphant in Haddon township, there being 17 votes For License and 229 for No License. Good. George T. Hames was elected for Assessor, and Charles S. Braddock, Jr., Collector. Quietness prevailed.

The Annual meeting of the residents of Haddonfield will be held on Tuesday evening, March 17, at 8 o'clock, at the school house on Chestnut st., to consider matters relating to the Public Schools, when they will be asked for \$5,525, to pay teachers, repairs, current expenses, etc.—\$325 of which for an iron fence around the new school house grounds. The salary of the District Clerk has been raised from \$48 to \$100 a year. There should be a full attendance.

The Report of the condition of the Haddonfield National Bank up to the close of business Feb. 26, 1891, has been submitted by Cashier Pressy, and approved by Directors Chas. H. Hillman, Geo. D. Stuart and Samuel Dunbarr. It appears to be in prosperous condition.

We have a letter from our friend, Howard Terry, under date of Feb. 23, who recently removed to Chicago, in which he says, "I am just recovering from an attack of pleuro-pneumonia, which took me very near the RIVER. But God, in answer to prayer, has spared my life. During the week beginning on the 11th, I was held in the balance, knowing nothing of what was passing. I have returned to life, with renewed hope in God, my Saviour." God willing, may he have a long, happy and prosperous life.

The Lecture, intended to be given on Monday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Werner, was postponed, on account of the storm, to the evening of the 24th,—being the anniversary of the W. C. T. U., of this place.

The highly interesting and popular course of Lectures by Prof. Cheyney, under the auspices of the Haddon Athenæum, will close with the one on Tuesday evening next. The theme will be "Italy."

Suicide, or Self-Destruction, is the theme to be discussed by Rev. N. J. Wright next Sunday evening.

Rev. E. V. Glover somewhat better—able sit up some.

The great blizzard of 1888, began on March the 11th.

The old Kirby property has been purchased by Howard Ellis, who takes possession.

Mrs. Anna A. Werner, mother of Rev. J. E. Werner, died in Watertown, N. Y., Feb. 22, aged 71 years.

Miss Elizabeth Collings, long and well known in Haddonfield, and who was removed to Philadelphia not long since, died at the residence of her brother, Feb. 22.

We learn that Mr. Braddock's house, at Main and Estauigh street, is wanted for an Insane Asylum, and that the tenants have been notified to vacate it.

Quite a number of changes have recently taken place in the residences of the people of the town, and whilst some are leaving it others are coming in.

Mayor-elect Stuart, although not a political prohibitionist, is a total abstainer, having never drank a glass of intoxicating liquor in his life. [?]-Philadelphia Record.

A Dr. Seegart, of England, who had been winning large sums at the Monte Carlo gaming tables, dropped dead of apoplexy. "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his soul?"

The Philadelphia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church met in Philadelphia on March 1st, with Bishop C. H. Fowler presiding.—Adjourned on the 10th.

The big meeting of the women in Washington lately, broke up in a sort of a row. A great many shades of sentiment were represented, from the evangelical down through Unitarianism, Universalism, to infidelity, religiously, and also as to politics. At the closing meeting a Mrs. Lease, of Kansas, spoke of Mr. Ingalls, a defeated candidate for the Senate, as the "consummate rascal that he is." She said some people had accused the women of wanting the earth, but that wasn't so, though they had a good slice of it; and declaring that the women of Kansas would carry on their fight against capitalists "from the banks of Wall street to the gates of hell!" [A big contract.] At this there was both vociferous hissing and applause. The noisy demonstrations got entirely beyond the control of the President, Miss Willard, and many of the women left the hall in disgust. But Mrs. L. was not to be put down; said she didn't mind the hissing; she was used to it.

It was well the meeting lasted but three days. If it had lasted longer, with such a conglomeration, things might have been said and done "too funny for anything."

Congress adjourned on the 4th of March, on which occasion the doxology, "Praise God," etc., was sung in the House of Representatives, and the Democrats refused to join in a vote of thanks to Speaker Reed for his "impartial" rulings, etc. When the adjournment was announced at the Board of Brokers, New York, there was great excitement, and shouts of "The czar is dead! The czar is dead!"

Rev. William Pittinger, a few years ago pastor of the Methodist church in Haddonfield, but now of Ventura, Cal., offers lots for sale, cheap, at Islands Heights, N. J.

A letter from him recently appeared in the Temperance Gazette, Camden, giving a glowing account of the beauties, productiveness, and mildness of the climate there, but they are subject to droughts.

"Our Dumb Animals" for March is well filled with highly interesting reading and engravings. We went through it before laying it down. Only 50 cents a year. We take subscriptions for it.

The New Jersey Methodist Conference will meet at Trenton on the 18th of this month, [next Wednesday.]

Smart.—The late Congress passed an act authorizing a new Mint building to be erected in Philadelphia at a cost of \$2,000,000, but made no appropriation for it.

Married, Feb. 26, by Rev. Mr. Dillon, of Woodbury, at the residence of the bride's parents, Miss Mary Roe, of Haddonfield, and William Brewer, of Bridgeton.

Married, on Wednesday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Gresimer, George W. Evans, of Evesham township, and Miss Hannah B. Atkinson, of Haddonfield.

Joseph Matthias (not Mathis) has purchased a property in Collingswood, on Main street, of Mrs. Murphy, and expects to take possession about the 1st of April.

Geo. R. Dannenhower has been elected President of the Methodist Home in Camden, with J. T. Seymour as Secretary, and Frank Weils as Treasurer.

Harsh.—J. V. happening to be at a place of business recently in Philadelphia, was stating to an old acquaintance (he don't say friend) how he was suffering from ill health, when he blurted out, "Yes, your cure will be a coffin!" and immediately turned his attention to another person. The reply, however, was characteristic of the man. He may need sympathy himself sometime.

If MARRIAGE is a FAILURE—WHY?

Is the title of a little Book, of which Mrs. S. D. Woods, of San Francisco, is author. It contains many thoughts and hints worth the consideration of all married people, as well as those who contemplate marriage. Mrs. W. understands about what she writes, and there is nothing puerile or objectionable in the book. It can be had at the office of "The Basket," or sent by mail. Price, 25 cts. P. O. stamps taken.